

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

EVERY ITEM WE MENTION

Why spend your money so very foolishly when you can make some one happy by giving them something serviceable and good.

Dress Goods.

This week we make prices that are to every person taking advantage of them Christmas presents, as well as the one to whom you make the present.

- 10 pieces Half-Wool double-width Novelty Goods, per yard.....76c
- Novelty Goods, per yard.....76c
- 8 pieces 12 1/2 and 15 Plaid and Fancy Novelties, per yard.....106c
- 8 pieces 12 1/2 and 15 Plaid and Fancy Novelties, per yard.....106c
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BIG LINE WAIST PLAIDS, 10c, 12 1/2c, 19c and 25c a yard.

Black Goods.

- 10 pieces All-Wool Black Henrietta, extra heavy, this week.....28c
- 10 pieces 45-inch All-Wool Black German Serge, splendid value, per yard.....38c
- 12 pieces All-Wool Black Henrietta, fine finish.....39c
- 10 pieces Silk-Finish Henrietta, extra fine and heavy.....48c

Fancy Plushes.

We have a lot of Fancy Plushes used for fancy work, etc., that we want to clean out; these are our regular one dollar and one dollar and twenty-five-cent Plushes; we have them in Cream, Blues, Pinks and Greens, sale price per yard.....60c

Sateen Patterns.

Lot Fancy Dress Sateens, put up in 10-yard pieces and made to sell for 15c and 20c per yard, sale price per pattern.....1c

Cloak Present.

Do you know that you can buy a Jacket or a Cape very cheap now? Why not make a present of one?

For \$3.95

We offer an elegant quality Beaver Cape, with silk braided trimming, full sweep.

For \$4.98

We offer a nice line of **PLUSH CAPES**, Fur trimmed around collar and down the front.

For \$3.49

This week, an elegant **BEAVER JACKET**, large buttons.

For \$6.75

Our \$11.50 Astrachan Jacket, silk lined, storm front and newest style.

For \$9.75

Our No. 15 two-toned **BOUCLE JACKET**, half lined, extra heavy.

Dressing Jackets.

We have a lot of All-Wool Eiderdown Dressing Jackets, that were bought to sell for \$1.25, in pinks, blues, reds and greens. This week.....76c

Xmas Shoes.

Shoes make a valuable Christmas present; if not a pair of shoes, a pair of House Slippers.

500 pair Ladies' French Kid Dress Shoes, button or lace, 4 toes, every pair warranted, sale.....\$1.49

350 pair Gents' House Slippers, 4 styles in this lot, sale.....49c

Men's French Enamel, 3 styles, toes, our \$3.00 shoe, sale.....\$1.98

Xmas Dolls.

Our display of Dolls is complete and the prices are such that all can buy.

10c Each, 12-inch China, 14-inch Papier Mache, 9-inch Papier Mache Boy Dolls, Dressed Rubber.

19c Each, 17-inch Washable Dolls.

25c Each, 23-inch Papier Mache, 12-inch Jointed Full Body, 16-inch Boy Dolls, 13-inch Kid Body.

39c Each, 20-inch China, 26-inch Papier Mache (blonde), 16-inch Kid Body, Fancy Dressed Mexicans and Chinamen.

49c Each, 28-inch Papier Mache (blonde), 27-inch Kid Body, 16-inch Full Body jointed, 14-inch unbreakable.

Fancy Dressed at 49c, 75c and 98c.

Picture Books.

From A B C to 164 page 5c up to 25c book

Albums.

Plush, 10 and 18 leaves.....49c and 98c

Celluloid, 10 and 12 leaves.....89c and 98c

Xmas 'Kerchiefs.

We are showing more nice handkerchiefs this Christmas season than ever and the prices are comparatively lower. Children's sizes, each.....1c and 3c

Ladies' Embroidered or Lace Edges, or wide hem, that last year were sold for 10c to 25c each. We have them.....5c to 25c

Toys.

Monkey on a String and Monkey Bell Rings, regular 25c kind, with us.....10c

NATIONAL CAPITAL CHAT

SOME PEN-PICTURES OF WASHINGTON LIFE AND PEOPLE.

Scenes at the Opening of a Session of Congress, on the Floor and in the Galleries of Both Houses.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—Had Speaker Reed been a two-hundred-pound fairy, and the silver gavel with which he whacked his desk at noon on Monday a veritable wand, the transformation wrought in the District of Columbia could not have been greater. Washington, the city of the future, is like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Having no manufactures and little business of its own, the city's life depends upon the fact that it is the national seat of government. At the close of a session of Congress everybody not absolutely tied here hurries away—to his home in some other section of the country, to Europe, or to some other distant resort; the thousands of department clerks take their annual tickets-of-leave at that time, and "D. C." lapses into its normal condition of coma. A few days before the return of the body politic and the transient multitude that follows in its train, the city begins to stretch its legs and show signs of awakening. The long avenues, heretofore empty, are thronged with busy feet, languishing trade looks up again, society lifts itself back with brand-new gaud and gear and door-posts blossom in a night like the cereus, with white placards bearing the familiar legend, "Rooms to Rent."

In no other city are those placards so universally distributed. The marks upon the walls of the hotels are as numerous as the stars in the sky. In comparison, for the white population of Washington is divided into two general classes, viz., those who have lodgings to rent and those who rent lodgings. Every reduced family and discharged department clerk and impecunious widow takes to room renting as ducks to water, while the well-to-do are not averse to adding some new touches to their yearly income (never large enough in Washington, whatever the figure), by sparring a suite or two of apartments to congressional families—for a "consideration" which would buy the best house of an inferior town in one short session. The truth is, the average Washingtonian to the manor born is an extremely liberal landlord, with other people's money—who looks upon the sojourner as a lawful prey. In the time-honored role of lodge-house keeper he simply wants all you possess—nothing more. Are you a senator, a supreme judge, or only a second-class clerk on a beggarly thousand a year, it is not necessary to inquire the price for which he will shelter your defenseless family. He will take the amount of your salary, comparatively few of the victims "board" where they "room," for here the European fashion prevails of feeding at hotels and restaurants, or of being served en casa by a caterer. Since time out of mind Washington has been celebrated as a graveyard of hotels and newspapers, for innumerable failures in both lines of enterprise have been the result of the city's matter of charges which has brought so many Bonifaces to the wall, but probably because their profits are swallowed up in sky-high rents, which go on unabated during the half-year when the capital city is a desert of tenanted hostilities. But the coming of Congress, like the overwintering of the Nile in thirty Egypt, makes the place bloom again. Opening day is always a gala affair, marking the official inauguration of the social as well as the political season, and Monday was doubly interesting because of the hard-fought campaign that took place during the recess.

ON THE WAY TO THE CAPITOL. The weather was perfect, as only a Washington winter day can be when it tries its best. The air was bracing, but balmy, the sky a cloudless blue, and the genial sun glittered upon the facades and marble walls of the public buildings and smiled broadly upon the yet green grass and foliage in the countless parks that grace this "city of magnificent distances." At an early hour the streets leading capitolward were thronged with kaleidoscopic humanity—all classes, colors and conditions tending toward the common Mecca. Gay equipages, drawn by prancing steeds, conveyed the diplomats and the more wealthy and prominent in official life, side by side with ramshackle one-horse cabs and nondescript two-wheelers; the street cars were crowded and thousands toiled up the hill on foot—statesmen whose names are household words in every civilized country, "American citizens of African descent," sports, pitiable Chinamen, ladies of fashion, courtiers, schoolma'am tourists, the bridegroom and his bride, the poor who have always with urban unorganized civic pagant worthy of democratic America. The national acropolis never looked better, and patriotic shirtings swelled at the sight—the great white wings and classic outlines of the wonderful edifice above its long marble esplanade, its Corinthian columns, pilasters, facade and stately entrances, adorned with colossal statues, and its enormous dome upholding the figure of Liberty. We tell ourselves with commendable pride that there are nine million pounds of cast iron in that big dome alone, and that acres and acres are inclosed within the capitol building, together with miles of marble corridors and frescoed walls and marble stairways and wonders too numerous to mention in one short day. And just across its wide piazza rises the nearly completed Library, its golden dome and golden torch all bathed in golden lights, its snowy marble walls shining like purest alabaster and its magnificent building of its kind in the world.

INSIDE THE BUILDING. Inside the Capitol the same old crowd of former years, or one just like it, packed every available inch—familiar greatness, clothed in importance and spick and span attire, and newer and less familiar greatness, clothed in the conviction that the gaze of an admiring world is centered upon them; the noble army of Majlows, Jedges, and other tobacco-expectoration gentlemen, for whose convenience a vast array of cuspidors, butts and vases, and ubiquitous reporters, lobbyists, male and female, but-tobaccoing Congressmen with perseverance worthy a righteous cause, steady men with long-pending claims to urge, sad-faced women entreating "appointments" by which to earn their children's bread, and women gaily told other tales. There are a few places in Washington from which the "scarlet woman" is officially debarred, but there is no law to restrain her from playing her trade openly in the Nation's Capitol—where, perhaps, the scarlet man is not a stranger.

AN HOUR OF GREETINGS, of pushing and jamming and elbowing for admission to the galleries, of admitted scenes on the floor of the House and Senate, of noisy demonstrations on the entrance of particularly prominent statesmen, the buzz and bustle which mark the entrance of social lights to the reserved galleries, and then the drop of the gavel at precisely 12 meridian announced the opening of the ses-

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

"THE ALABASTER CRUSE," BY REV. WM. LINCOLN BIRCH, D.D., PH. D.

Late of Christchurch, New Zealand, Pastor People's Church, Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco.

There came unto him a woman having an alabaster cruse, and she poured out ointment, and poured upon his head. And he wiped his feet with her hair, and wiped his feet with the ointment. Matthew xxvi, 7; John xii, 3.

The woman was Mary, the sister of Martha and of Lazarus. With woman's self-defending affection she loved Jesus, and, therefore, more clearly than most of his disciples comprehended his mission and sympathized in his work. The occasion was "six days before the Passover," or the Sabbath before that Sunday on which our Lord made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem. It was the Saturday previous to the crucifixion. Certain scholarly criticism argues that Jesus expected to escape from the death snare of the temple, and that as much as he arranged that after Passover he and the disciples should separate, and he would meet them in Galilee. But Mark and Matthew agreed in recording that Jesus expected to die and be raised up again. He mentioned this to the disciples, but their hearts were not open to the fullness of their hope of earthly glory they refused to take his meaning literally. Mary, however, loved and believed Him. To her He was the Christ foretold in the Scriptures—the righteous one who would lay down His life to save God's people, to turn away His anger and to make the children of men. He said to her, "When some time she had realized that He must die. At great cost she had obtained a cruse of most precious perfume water to use when His dead body should be embalmed, and every time she looked upon the carefully sealed treasure tears would fill her eyes and a deep sigh escape her heart. The idea of His resurrection had not entered her mind; paradise was the only place where she might hope to see the beloved One again.

When, therefore, she heard from Jesus that His death would be crucifixion, she saw there might be no opportunity afforded her of caring for his dead body and determined to show her reverential love by doing this act of kindness during His life. Accordingly, after she had helped to get the meal ready in the house of her neighbor Simon, and the meal being ended, she broke the seal of the cruse and "poured upon His head." Then she anointed with tender care those feet that the nails were soon to pierce, her hands, perhaps even only by Him, also dropping where the nails would be, and she wiped his feet with her hair, which, being loose, concealed her face from the others. Her implicit faith and the tenderness of the act greatly touched Jesus. "She that anointed my body beforehand for the burying." It was to Him a picture of His mission, perhaps even broken up, a precious reviving ointment which filled the house; so, from His broken-off life should flow the spiritual power to save the world. It moved Him to go forward; the touch of the sacred tears and the thrilling comfort of the perfume-inspiring Him with joy to die for mankind. This great truth, which until then had not been fully revealed, was yet only partially received, namely, that to give oneself is the highest personal bliss and the surest way of saving others—Jesus describes as "good tidings." Not for self, but for others' good, is the inspiration of eternal life.

The jarring note in this sacred story is the indignation of Jesus and several other disciples. To them, Jesus had broken the door to continual poverty, it seemed waste to spend so much on a superfluity; it might have made their own lot more pleasant, and also have enabled them to help the poor. They followed Jesus because, while they were attached to him, they hoped to be exalted through the success of his cause; but Mary loved him, though only by him, to bless and comfort him, thanked God she lived because life enabled her to cheer him; she had no thought of advancing herself. Therefore, Jesus honored her, and wherever the sublime truth of giving oneself is preached as the gospel, this revelation of her faith and love, he said, should be told as the fragrance to success in the Christian life.

Let us notice two of the many lessons which may be gathered. 1. Inspiration to unselfish service. Martha liked being busy. Were it not for hazards to erect or restore a church building, to provide for a missionary or to pay for a pool of blood, some companies of Christians might drift into the world. Said a well-known minister the other day, "I try to keep my people busy; I have always a bazar or something or other in hand—it unites them."


And if these self-sacrificing labors to provide a place where men can be blessed by worshipping God, and to raise money to help the poor, are done from love to Christ and His needy ones, they are pleasing unto Him. But they may be merely fuss, with attachment, but not love to Christ. How much time and money are spent to get up buildings for self, concerts and entertainments for self, bells for self, a minister for self. Is Christ only in buildings and in money? Is He not in the unsaved masses outside, in the poor, the fallen, the lost? Our fragrance, of course, should extend to the heathen, but what about the unsaved at home? Cannot we render more personal service to them? Do we care only for a building for ourselves to worship in, when possible "living temples" by the thousands are waiting to be redeemed?

It is comparatively easy to give money or to engage in church music, church entertainments, church sales and church busyness; but unless we receive the spirit of Christ it is not difficult to give one's heart to hear and forbear, to be patient with awkward and untalented men, to be merciful to the lost, and loving to all the brethren? But the pith of the gospel is that happiness arises from this kind of unselfish service; and when one comprehends it, long for it, prays for it, tries to practice it, then does he realize the meaning of the phrase "eternal life" in John xvi, 2. We give our money and our work to the church, but let it not be to gratify self—do it to comfort and encourage our Father in continuing to be kind to an unkind world.

2. The immortality of unselfish service. It is a scriptural revelation confirmed by medical evidence that the selfishness which gives moral and physical disease to offspring runs itself out at the third or fourth succeeding generation; and it is also a scriptural truth that the goodness or virtue of parents never ends, but descends to influence thousands of generations. This is a powerful lever to draw young people to the ethical of virtue and the wisdom of sitting at the feet of Christ to learn love; and, inspired by love, to do noble and gentle deeds of usefulness to others, being drawn to men, women and children, rather than to buildings, creeds and bells—or to

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Holiday Shoppers Find at the Globe

An infinite variety of useful gift articles. Nothing is so much appreciated by a male relative or a friend as a well selected article of apparel. Diversity of stock, guarantee of quality and absolute freshness are here combined. Everything is new and made for this season's trade. Here are a few of the holiday items:

Gloves, of all the famous makes. Mufflers, a dazzling assortment of pure silk and cashmere. Neckwear, neatly boxed, a specially made holiday stock. Silk and linen handkerchiefs, plain and fancy border. Dress shirts, night shirts, silk suspenders, fine underwear, collars and cuffs. Elegant assortment of gentlemen's jewelry. Silk umbrellas, with carved ivory or rare wood. Golf caps of cloth, plush and corduroy. New holiday blocks in stiff and soft hats. Suits, overcoats, ulsters, reofers of every reliable material, all new goods and up-to-date. If you find your gift duplicated, will gladly make an exchange.

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